

THE JASPER NEWS

ROLAND B. GRIFFITH, Editor.

JASPER, MISSOURI

Scientists have found microbes in snowballs. Boil before using in the future.

A Chicago judge is about to make it almost impossible to secure a jury in that city by barring toppers from service.

A St. Louis man throws away gold to save his life. Many shorten their earthly existence by prodigal spending.

In view of recent wrecks the interstate commerce commission will present the assertion that it is running the railroads.

Lots of states now are enacting two-cent passenger rate legislation, but still there are people who regret the vanished passes.

Count John A. Creighton, who died at his home in Omaha, was count of the Holy Empire and papal knight of St. Gregory, and was the third American to receive the title of count, which was conferred upon him by Pope Leo XIII. on December 6, 1894, in recognition of his benefactions to Creighton university, Omaha.

The richest man in the world, Frederick Weyerhaeuser, the timber king, is worth over \$1,000,000,000, controls 50,000,000 square miles of land and is practically unknown. He came to the United States as an immigrant. He worked first as a section hand on a railroad. He next bought a sawmill, saved his earnings and began to speculate in timber. He lives in St. Paul, has no intimate friends, and is a veritable recluse.

Strange are the contrasts of fate, remarks the Indianapolis Star. A team in Shelby county ran away with a wagon load of nitroglycerin, ran into a telephone pole, smashed the wagon to pieces and there was no explosion. But a few days ago a carload of high explosives was exploded by the rumble of a passing train. In the former case there was no one near to be injured. In the latter dozens of passengers were killed or maimed by the explosion.

Contrary to the general supposition, Raisuli, the Moroccan bandit, is a well-educated gentleman, tracing his ancestry through Mulai Idris, who founded the empire of Morocco, to the prophet. In stature he is said to be tall and handsome, with an unusually white skin and with features rather Grecian than Semitic—altogether a fascinating gentleman, with his knowledge of languages and gift as a storyteller and his consciousness of exalted birth.

It is 60 years this year since the United States began to issue postage stamps. The first regular issue consisted of five-cent stamps bearing a portrait of Franklin and ten-cent stamps having a likeness of Washington. Both Washington and Franklin have appeared on every regular issue since. Franklin's head is on the one-cent stamp to-day and Washington's on the two-cent, thus preserving the ratio of relative values with which they began.

A scientist has discovered a sun spot which he describes as the biggest and most beautiful on record, extending an eighth of the way across the luminary, and its approximate size being fixed at 118,000 miles long and 30,000 miles wide, the entire area being 3,500,000 square miles. That certainly indicates a remarkable disturbance in the center of our solar system. The scientist predicts some striking electrical phenomena as a result of the agitation in the sun's midst.

The only known survivor of the naval battle of Navarino, which took place Oct. 20, 1827, is still living at Binstead, near Ryde, Isle of Wight, in the person of John Stainer, who has just entered upon his hundredth year. The old man, whose physical infirmities now prevent him leaving his room, was midshipman's steward on board H. M. S. Talbot when the conflict which gave Greece her independence took place. He afterward served as a coastguard, and retired many years ago on a pension.

Dr. Hans Richter, the famous musical conductor, is a thorough believer in comfort in dress, and not infrequently sets fashion at defiance. One brooding evening in Paris he led the orchestra wearing the regulation dress coat and a pair of cruetting trousers, never dreaming that he would have to come into full view of the audience. At the end of the opera, however, so clamorous were the calls for him that he was compelled to show himself before the footlights arrayed as he was. His unconventional appearance led to explosions of laughter.

A DEEP SEA CONSPIRACY

By J. C. Plummer

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A sailor lugging a coil of wire rope along the deck of the steamer Patricia struck himself smartly on the leg with the loose end. Then he swore: "Carraambo, sacre-e, damn!"

Lawler, leaning moodily on the rail, turned and looked at this man who swore in three languages.

The man's countenance could have been found anywhere in the Mediterranean — form lithe, complexion swarthy, eyes black and snapping, lips full beneath a jauntily twisted mustache.

He looked roguishly at Lawler. "Pardon, M'sieu," he said in English. "Who the devil are you?" asked Lawler.

"Francis Majole of Marseilles, M'sieu, mais I spik all language, Ingles, Espanol, Americano."

Lawler gazed steadily into the man's dare devil face.

"Majole," he asked, "if I give you a hundred pesetas, what would you do?"

"Mon Dieu, M'sieu would live long, for I would drink his head 100 times. You stand watch to-night, Majole?"

"From midnight to four, M'sieu."

"I could then say a few words to you in private?"

"Mais certainement, if M'sieu should be on deck at such a time."

When the steamer Patricia sailed from Montevideo for Barcelona she carried three cabin passengers, which was unusual. Travelers from the La Plata to Spain generally went by the mail boats from Buenos Ayres, and, again, the Patricia was a cargo boat, and even Capt. Ybarra never styled her cabin as luxurious in its accommodations. The three passengers were Donna Juanita Vallos, Senora Espinosa and Thomas Lawler.

Had Senora Espinosa known that Lawler intended sailing on the Patricia she would preferably have put to sea on a raft. Had Donna Juanita not been on the boat Lawler would have been looking after his herds on the Pampae.

Lawler was an American of errant disposition and had finally settled down to raising cattle in Argentina. Hard by his grazing grounds was the hacienda of Donna Juanita, and one fateful day Lawler's blue eyes looked into the liquid depths of Juanita's black ones. He fell madly in love with her on the spot, and set about winning her in a way that made that austere lady, Senora Espinosa, become convinced that the world was deteriorating in its manners and customs.

When Juanita's father died she had been left to the care of her brother Leon, and he being a ship master, had in his turn committed her to the tutelage of the Senora.

The Senora was, as we have said, austere. She had never loved a man, and to her best information, no man had ever loved her. She deeply deplored that she had not become a nun, and secretly prayed that Juanita would forswear the world and its temptations. In the midst of the holy calm that pervaded the hacienda Vallos came Thomas Lawler with his ardent wooing. He cast Castilian etiquette to the four winds, and sought the love of the Donna much as he would have gone about love making in his native Texas.

It would be a fine commentary on her vigilance as a duenna if Leon returned an found his sister engaged to a foreigner and a heretic and more than all a man of the American race, a people which had inflicted loss and disgrace on the name of Spain. It must not be, it should not be, and the Senora laid plans. She would take her charge to her native Spain and place her in care of a friend, an abbess. Behind the grim walls of the convent Juanita would be safe from predatory Lawler until Leon should arrive in Barcelona, to which port his vessel expected to sail from the East Indies, and then he could manage affairs himself. Accordingly, she departed without loss of time for Buenos Ayres, intending to take the mail steamer for Cadiz. To her dismay, she discovered that Lawler had gotten wind of her plan and had also started for Buenos Ayres. The wily duenna then made a flank movement, and finding that a steamer would sail from Montevideo for Barcelona, hid herself and charge thither, and embarked on the Patricia.

But she had not given Mr. Lawler due credit for pertinacity, and when she beheld him on the Patricia she admitted that he was a difficult man to dodge.

To keep apart two people inclined for each other's company in the circumscribed area of a ship is a problem of complexity in the evolution of which the Senora failed dismally. Despite of her frowns and of Juanita's feeble efforts to obey her admonitions, Lawler found time and place for

love making. As a result, Juanita, with cheeks ablush and eyes downcast, admitted her love to him, but on one point she was immovable. She would not permit any engagement until Leon had given his consent.

Then Lawler did some thinking. Procuring from Juanita the date on which Leon's steamer, the Trinidad, was expected to sail from Madras, he had a talk with Capt. Ybarra and did some poring over charts. Harming accidents, the Patricia must reach Barcelona two weeks ahead of the Trinidad, and during these two weeks Juanita would be immured in the convent subject to the hostile influence of the abbess and her duenna. What might result from this influence? Your ardent lover easily becomes a pessimist.

If only the arrival of the two ships was coincident, and he could go hand in hand with Juanita to Leon and plead their case.

If the Patricia could only be delayed. Lawler swore at the calm sea, at the soft trade winds blowing towards Spain. He damned the machinery working with the precision of a watch and damned Capt. Ybarra for boasting of his ship's progress.

There are several happenings which delay a steamer—dense fogs, storms, breaking of shafts or machinery, but the Patricia seemed immune from all such incidents.

At breakfast Capt. Ybarra announced with complacency that they were passing Gibraltar, and that he expected the following morning to be very near his home port. Senora Espinosa sent upward a prayer of thanksgiving, and Juanita looked sad. Mr. Lawler's face exhibited no emotion.

It was when, the straits being passed, the prow of the Patricia had been directed to the northward that there was a sense of something wrong among the passengers on the boat. Then it was whispered that a man was sick forward; that his face had a yellowish tinge; that the officers were worried, then, like a thunderclap, the news, a man was sick with yellow fever. "Pip of a Majole," stormed Capt. Ybarra, "to fall sick just before I enter port."

But poor Majole was not to bear all the censure, for just as the captain was debating how long he must lay in quarantine the news reached him that Mr. Lawler was sick. Capt. Ybarra spore deeply and Senora Espinosa made Juanita remain in her stateroom and wore many scapulars.

In the offing of Barcelona the ship lay to and awaited the physician. He came in his boat and at once went into the cabin. His diagnosis of the case of Lawler was long, then he visited Majole. His report was that the cabin passenger had indigestion, and the sailor what looked like vomito. The yellow flag went up, and the Patricia was in quarantine indefinitely. Never had the bewildered Capt. Ybarra heard of such a case of vomito, for, while the doctor came daily, he seemed averse to pronouncing the disease vomito. It was ever awaiting developments.

On the thirteenth day a long black merchant steamer came into port. When Lawler hailing a passing boatman asked who she was, he learned that the Trinidad from Madras had arrived. Coincidentally the doctor discovered the same day that Majole had jaundice, and was rapidly mending. The Patricia went up to her dock.

A couple were spending their honeymoon in Biarritz. The man was evidently an American; the woman a Spaniard. She had bidden her lord dress himself for a walk and he obeyed. The action of dressing caused a piece of gold to fall from a pocket of his trousers and drop on the floor. Thomas Lawler picked it up and apostrophized it.

What a wonderful thing is gold. It can make a sailor rub his face with chrome and play sick; it can induce a doctor to pronounce the man sick with threatened vomito and can make a full powered steamer lay idle in the harbor for 13 days. Incidentally, it procured a man the most charming wife in the world.

A Ghostly Warning.

A strange story is being told in connection with the death of Samuel Hughes, a salt merchant of Blackwood, England, whose body was found beneath the railway bridge at Crumlin.

His wife, who was sitting up alone, states that at the time of the accident early in the morning, she heard a loud voice calling, "Boss, Boss!" She opened the door and saw a tall figure in black clothes and wearing a silk hat. In a minute it disappeared and she went outside, but could not see any one.

PE-RU-NA A MEDICAL COMPOUND

In any medical compound as much depends upon the manner in which it is compounded as upon the ingredients used.

First, there must be a due proportion of the ingredients. Each drug in the pharmacopoeia has its special action. To combine any drug with other drugs that have slightly different action, the combination must be made with strict reference to the use for which the compound is intended. The drugs may be well selected as to their efficacy, but the compound ENTIRELY SPOILED BY THE PROPORTION in which they are combined.

It takes years and years of experience to discover this proportion. There is no law of chemistry, or pharmacy, by which the exact balance of proportion can be determined. EXPERIENCE IS THE ONLY GUIDE.

In compounding a catarrh remedy Dr. Hartman has had many years' experience. In the use of the various ingredients which compose the catarrh remedy, Peruha, he has learned, little by little, how to harmonize the action of each ingredient, how to combine them into a stable compound, how to arrange them into such nice proportions as to blend the taste, the operation and the chemical peculiarities of each several ingredient in order to produce a pharmaceutical product beyond the criticism of doctors, pharmacists or chemists.

WE REPEAT, THAT AS MUCH DEPENDS ON THE WAY IN WHICH THE DRUGS ARE COMBINED AS DEPENDS UPON THE DRUGS THEMSELVES.

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